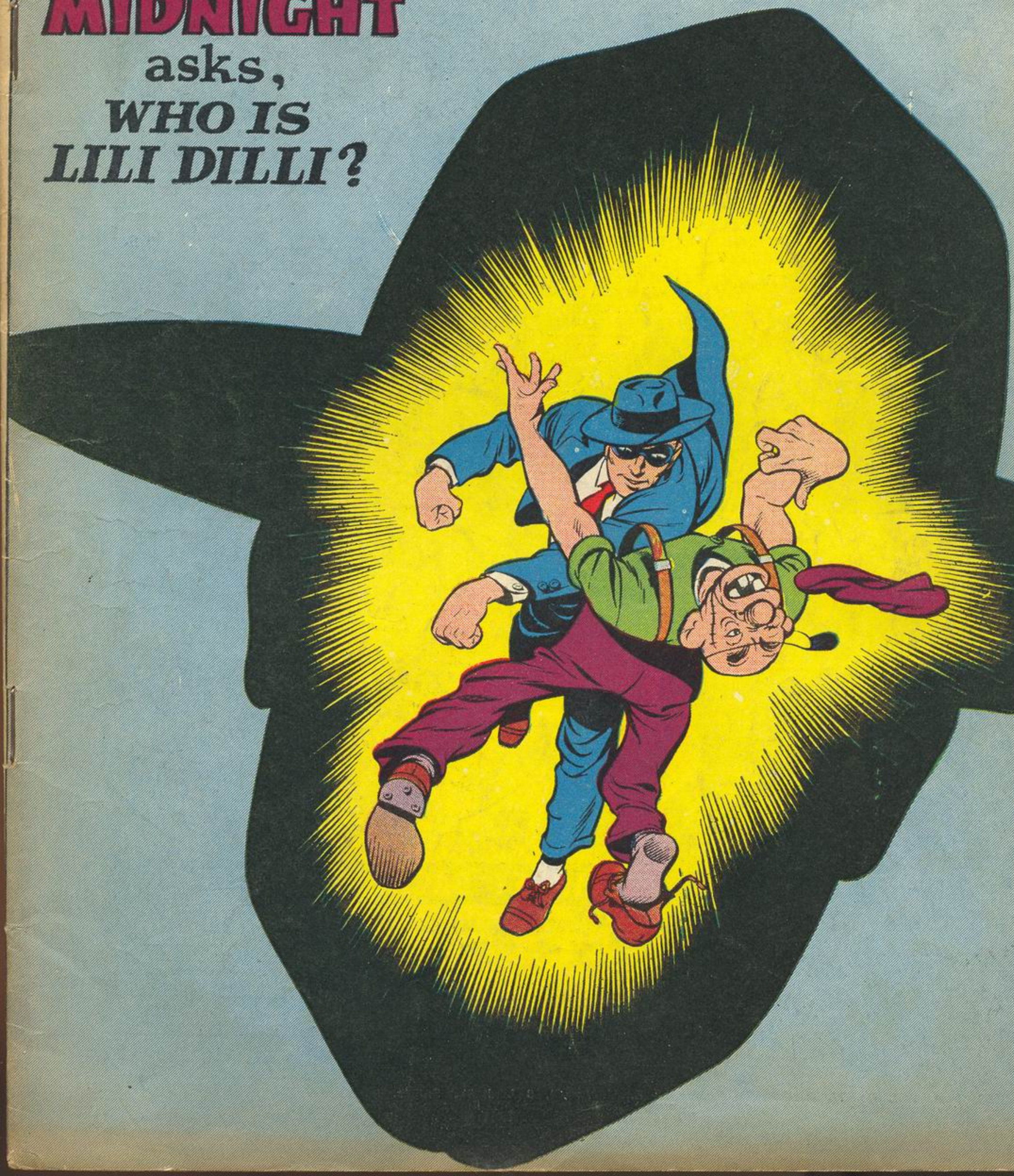
JUNE
No.77

SMASH COMICS

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MIDNIGHT asks, WHO IS LILI DILLI?

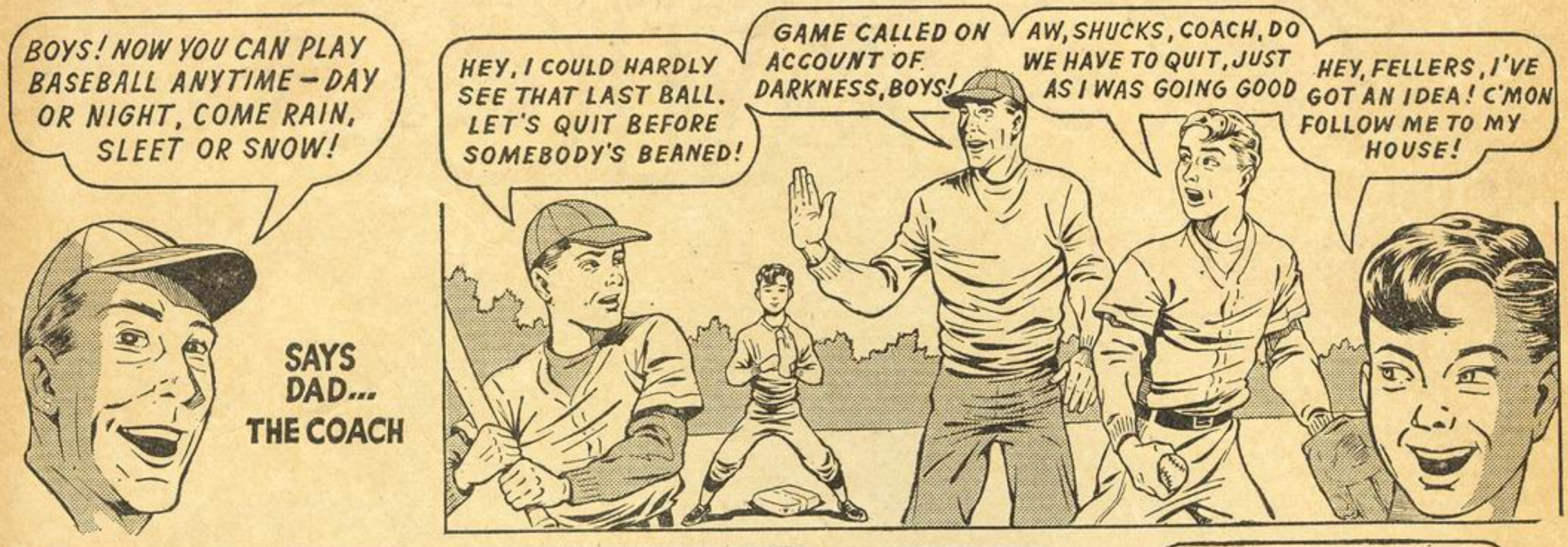


WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

NEW! Jim Prentice SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

IT'S A HIT!

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.







Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play . . . It's the last of the 9th . . . score tied . . . bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

Special Price! If you act *today* you can get your game at the special pre-season price of $3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin $1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance $2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

$3.00 POSTPAID

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
481 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

$3.00	$2.50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

C.O.D. Send $1. Postman collects balance.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

SMASH COMICS, June, 1948, No. 77. Published bi-monthly by E. M. Arnold, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. Nancy Smith, Editor. Yearly subscription (6 copies) $1.00. Foreign $1.50. Entered as second-class matter, June 9, 1939, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th St., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious, The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 1948 by Everett M. Arnold. Printed in U.S.A.

MIDNIGHT

AND SO, TONIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ALL OTHER PROBLEMS PALE INTO INSIGNIFICANCE! THE BIG QUESTION OF THE MOMENT IS, **WHO IS LILI DILLI**, THE GLAMOROUS, SENSATIONAL EUROPEAN STAR WHOM NOBODY IN THIS COUNTRY HAS EVER SEEN?

WHO'S WHO IN FILMDOM

WHO'S WHO IN ANTPLACE

WHO CARES?

That's MIDNIGHT at the microphone! He probably hasn't had time to become DAVE CLARK, his alter ego! It is Dave who holds down the radio announcer's job! MIDNIGHT'S job is ---- well, who doesn't know that? He's a sleuth... but the very best!

In the broadcasting studio newsroom...

DOGGONE! THE CABLE'S ALL FOULED UP!

T. ARCHER DANK WILL ARRIVE ON S.S. LUXURY WITH EUROPEAN ACTRESS SENSATION LILI DILLI, SAID TO BE MARVELOUS.

-TELETYPE-

COME ON, SEVEN!

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU GUYS YOU COULDN'T HANG AROUND HERE!

WELL, TAKE US SOME PLACE AND WE WON'T HANG AROUND!

THIS JUST CAME IN, DAVE!

AN ACTRESS SENSATION! SHE MUST BE SUMP'N IF T. ARCHER DANK'S BEHIND HER! THAT GUY DOESN'T BOTHER WITH SMALL TIME BEAUTIES! HE'S MAKING PICTURES THAT HAVE THE HOLLYWOOD BOYS SQUIRMING!

I'D LIKE TO MEET THE LADY! I'M A PRETTY POPULAR CHAP WITH ACTRESSES FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER!

I CAN'T THINK OF THE REASON EITHER, SNIFFER! BE SEEING YOU GUYS! I'M GOING TO INTERVIEW LILI DILLI ON THE AIR AS SOON AS THE SHIP DOCKS!

HEY, WAIT FOR US, DAVE! YOU WANTED US OUT OF THE STUDIO AND WE'RE OUT!

GET LOST, BOYS! YOU'RE BOUND TO GET INTO TROUBLE ON THE BOAT!

XYZ SOUND TRUCK

2

IT'S YOU AND YOUR SHENANIGANS THAT GIVE DAVE A BAD IMPRESSION OF US! WE WERE ONE HAPPY FAMILY BEFORE YOU SHOWED UP!

ROT! HE MEANT YOU! TROUBLE AND MONKEYS ARE SYNONYMOUS!

SOUND TRUCK

YELLOW CAB
19641

Mean-while, on board the... S.S. LUXURY

UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN, I HOLD YOU PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR KEEPING ALL REPORTERS AWAY FROM LILI DILLI AND MYSELF WHEN WE LAND!

YES, MR. DANK!

LILI DILLI WILL BE PROPERLY INTRODUCED TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WHEN I SEE FIT, AND THAT WILL BE AT THE PREMIERE OF HER VEDDY COLOSSAL NEW PICTURE!

YES, MR. DANK!

WINDOW CLEANER FLUID

SO SORRY, GENTLEMEN! NO REPORTERS! THOSE ARE MR. DANK'S AND THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS!

AW, WHO'S THAT GUY THINK HE IS, ANYWAY? BET THIS LILI DILLI HASN'T GOT A THING OUR AMERICAN BABES HAVEN'T GOT!

PRESS

S.S. LUXURY

SORRY, GENTLEMEN! I CAN'T MAKE ANY EXCEPTIONS! NO REPORTERS!

UH-OH!

XY

SOUN

GET EVERYTHING SET, AL! I'LL SMUGGLE THE MIKE ABOARD!

I GOTCHA, DAVE!

SOUND

RUSH CALL, MATE! YOUR WIRELESS HAS BROKEN DOWN! THEY NEED NEW PARTS!

JOVE! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! YOU'D BETTER HURRY ABOARD!

S.S. LUXUR

THERE HE IS!

HEY, DAVE! WAIT FOR US! WE NEED SOMEBODY TO INTRODUCE US TO LILI DILLI!

TAXI

SORRY, GENTLEMEN! NO, REPORTERS!

WHO'S A REPORTER?

WHO'S A GENTLEMAN?

GOOD HEAVENS! A BEAR!

COME BACK HERE, BEAR! YOU CAN'T GO ABOARD! THE CAPTAIN AND MR. DANK WILL BE FRIGHTFULLY ANGRY!

WE'LL GET HOTFOOT FOR YOU, FRIEND!

HEY, THOSE NUTS ARE MAKING IT EASY FOR US!

LET'S GO, BOYS!

PRESS

THE PROBLEM NOW IS TO FIND LILI DILLI WITHOUT LETTING ANYONE KNOW I'M LOOKING FOR HER!

PARDON ME, MADAM! I WAS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE ELSE! OOPS!

FRESH THING!

ARE YOU LILI DILLI?

NO, BUT YOU INTEREST ME! DO COME IN!

SOME OTHER TIME, COOKIE! I'M WORKING!

THEY BUILD THESE LINERS TOO BIG! I'VE LOOKED IN ALL THE WRONG STATEROOMS!

EEEAAHH!

SHE'S GONE! SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED OR SHE'S LEFT ME -- BUT SHE'S DISAPPEARED! AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN TO EACH OTHER!

??

WHO?

LILI DILLI! WHO ELSE?

LILI DILLI LEFT YOU? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

FRANK YUCK! WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

IT BEATS ME! WHAT WOULD A GLAMOROUS STAR BE DOING WITH A MOUSE LIKE THAT? AND YET TO HEAR HIM TELL IT, THEY MUST BE--AH-- QUITE FRIENDLY!

Dave Clark becomes MIDNIGHT....

YUCK? FRANK YUCK? THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THE NAME! ANYWAY, IF LILI DILLI HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED, IT'S TIME FOR MIDNIGHT TO STEP IN!

SOMEBODY WOULD HAVE SEEN HER IF SHE LEFT THE SHIP! I'LL START CHECKING FROM THE BOTTOM!

REPORTERS! WHO LET THEM ON BOARD?

THIS END UP

DEAR ME!

HEY, MISTER, KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND LILI DILLI?

GET THEM OFF THIS SHIP! KILL THEM! DO SOMETHING!

YES, SIR! YES, MR. DANK!

TWEET!

GRAWK! HELP!

PUT THEM ASHORE, MEN!
ENGINE ROOM
SHE'S GONE! GONE! LILI DILLI HAS DISAPPEARED!
WHAT?
THIS IS TERRIBLE, MR. DANK! NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER HAPPENED ON MY SHIP BEFORE!
TERRIBLE? IT'S HORRIBLE! BUT WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT WITH SUCH MONSTERS AS THOSE ROAMING THE DECKS AT WILL?
WHADDAYA MEAN, MONSTERS? I DON'T LIKE THAT CRACK!
DROWN THEM! DO SOMETHING!
GREAT SCOTT! THEY'LL BE ROASTED ALIVE! I WOULDN'T WANT THINGS OVERDONE --- NOT EVEN THEM! I DISAPPROVE OF ENDINGS THAT ARE TOO GRUESOME!
NEVER FEAR, SIR! THAT'S THE FALSE SMOKE STACK! THEY'LL WIND UP IN THE HOLD AND MY MEN WILL CATCH THEM!
MIDNIGHT! WE HEARD LILI DILLI DISAPPEARED! YOU GOT A LEAD?
NO! I'M LOOKING FOR ONE NOW!

THERE THEY ARE--- AND THEY'VE GOT A MASKED CONFEDERATE! HE MUST HAVE KIDNAPPED LILI!

DON'T YOU DOPEY FOREIGN-ERS KNOW ANYTHING? THAT'S MIDNIGHT!

SEIZE THEM!

BETTER GET GOING, FELLERS! IT'S THE CAPTAIN'S SHIP AND HE'S THE BOSS HERE!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE EASY WAY! OH, BOY! A ROPE FROM THE DECK!

WHAT?

WHY WOULD A ROPE BE DANGLING FROM THE DECK HERE? COULD BE IT WAS USED TO GET LILI DILLI OFF THE SHIP! NOBODY COULD SEE HER FROM THE GANGPLANK! THE VIEW IS OBSTRUCTED!

I GUESS I'LL TRY IT, TOO!

GOSH, MIDNIGHT, YOU'RE ALMOST AS SMART AS A MONKEY!

COMING FROM YOU, I'M NOT SURE THAT'S A COMPLIMENT!

SAY, WHAT'S THIS?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? IT'S A CARDBOARD ICE CREAM CONTAINER WITH BANANA SKINS IN IT! WHAT ABOUT IT?

ICE CREAM

SILVERWYN PICTURES! WHY WOULD ONE OF THEIR ICE CREAM CONTAINERS BE ON THE DOCK AT THIS PARTICULAR TIME, AND WHY STUFFED WITH BANANA SKINS?

SILVERWYN MOTION PICTURES STUDIO COMMISSARY

I COULD USE A BANANA RIGHT NOW! THAT EXERCISE MADE ME HUNGRY!

GABBY, YOU'VE GIVEN IT TO ME! I'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED NOW! HOLY CATS! WHAT AN ANGLE! NO WONDER FRANK YUCK'S NAME SOUNDED FAMILIAR!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH! THIS IS ONE TIME I DON'T MIND TAKING YOU ALONG! I MAY EVEN NEED YOU!

AH! IT'S SO NICE TO FEEL NEEDED!

SO YOU SEE, LILI DILLI, IT WOULD BE EASY FOR OUR LAWYERS TO FIND A LOOP-HOLE IN YOUR CONTRACT WITH T. ARCHER DANK! AND THEN YOU COULD COME TO WORK FOR US!

SILVERWYN STUDIOS • TALENT DEP'T.

GET A LOAD OF THAT GUY!

BUT WHAT HAVE BANANAS AND ICE CREAM TO DO WITH IT?

WATCH!

YAWP! A GORILLA!

AREN'T YOU BOYS BEING A LITTLE UNETHICAL?

Contract

MIDNIGHT! I'M HONORED! BUT PLEASE REMEMBER TO SPEAK MORE RESPECTFULLY WHEN YOU ADDRESS ME! I'M JACK SILVERWYN!

SO LILI DILLI IS A GORILLA!

RIGHT! AND MR. SILVERWYN AND HIS BOYS LURED HER OFF THE BOAT VIA THE ROPE WITH BANANA SPLITS! THAT WAS THE SECRET OF FRANK YUCK'S ATTACHMENT TO HER! HE'S THE FAMOUS ANIMAL TRAINER!

NEVER MIND THE DETAILS, MIDNIGHT! WE KNOW THEM! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

LILI DILLI, NATURALLY! I'M GOING TO RETURN HER TO HER RIGHTFUL OWNER!

PREPOSTEROUS! LILI IS GOING TO BREAK HER CONTRACT! AREN'T YOU, LILI?

AWK! LEMME OUTA HERE!

SHE GOES FOR YOU, GABBY!

THINGS LIKE THIS SHOULD HAPPEN TO SNIFFER AND HOTFOOT!

AREN'T YOU, LILI? YOU'RE GOING TO WORK FOR US NOW, AREN'T YOU?

GRRRRRRRR

THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT MEANS NO!

HEY, GABBY, TAKE IT EASY! YOU'RE THE BAIT THAT'LL GIVE DAVE CLARK THE BROADCAST OF HIS CAREER!

FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO ME IF I GET ET!

GUYS SURE GO BALMY IN THE PICTURE BUSINESS! IMAGINE SILVERWYN TALKING CONTRACT TO TO A GLAMOR GORILLA!

IT WORKED, HEART-THROB! YOU LED HER RIGHT INTO THE STUDIO!

MIDNIGHT, YOU'VE GOT TO TALK HER OUT OF THIS BEFORE IT BECOMES A FATE WORSE THAN A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

MIDNIGHT assumes the role of DAVE CLARK ---

HALP! A GORILLA!

STICK AROUND, GABBY! LILI'LL COOPERATE IF YOU'RE NEAR!

MIDNIGHT, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS STUDIO HAS THE PLEASURE OF INTRODUCING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS COUNTRY A UNIQUE MOVIE STAR --- LILLI DILLI, A FULL GROWN GORILLA!

SO THAT'S HER! AND I WAS KNOCK-ING MYSELF OUT!

CARE TO SAY SOMETHING TO RADIO AUDIENCE, LILI?

LILI! BABY DOLL! WE FOUND YOU!

SMAK

GRRROWW!

BOY, OBOY! WHAT A LOVELY ROAR! IT MUST HAVE SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF OUR LISTENERS! THEY'LL TALK ABOUT IT FOR MONTHS!

POOR LILI! THAT MONKEY MUST'VE HURT HER FEEL-INGS!

Citronella

SEE THE NEW CHILD STAR CITRONELLA IN HER FIRST PICTURE..

NOW YOU NOT ONLY HAVE YOUR FOOTPRINTS PRESERVED IN CEMENT FOR POSTERITY, CITRONELLA, BUT YOUR FATHER, TOO!

WORLD PREMIERE of GROWING PAINS with CITRONELLA

Mickey Rooney

Charlie Chaplin

John Barrymore

Jimmy Durante

Shirley Temple

Citronella Rumpus

Excitement reigns in the Rumpus family! Citronella has wangled an interview with the Twentieth Decade Moving Picture Company .....

NOW BE CAREFUL WITH THIS COAT AND HAT, CITRONELLA! I HAD TO DYE THEM WITH PAINTS FROM YOUR WATER COLOR SET!

HURRY, MOM--- WE'VE GOT TO BE AT THE STUDIO IN TEN MINUTES!

DON'T FORGET, IF SHE'S A SUCCESS, I'M HER MANAGER!

TWENTIETH DECADE MOVING PICTURE STUDIO

THIS ONE'S NO GOOD! NO SPIRIT! LET'S HAVE THE NEXT APPLICANT!

WE'RE NEXT!

:GULP:

I'M LOOKING FOR A KID WHO CAN REGISTER ANY EMOTION AT WILL --- I T'S SEE YOU EXPRESS EMBARRASSMENT!

A PIPE MUST BE LEAKING OVER-HEAD!

AMAZING! SHE REGISTERS EMOTION IN COLOR --- LOOK AT HER BLUSH!

GOOD THING HE DON'T KNOW THAT'S THE WATER COLOR DYE I USED ON HER HAT!

NOW YOU'RE IN A RAINSTORM! YOU HAVE NO HOME, YOU'RE BLUE AND MELANCHOLY! OKAY, EMOTE!

BOO HOO!

LOOK! SHE'S SO BLUE THAT IT'S ACTUALLY RUNNING OFF HER --- YOU'LL BE TERRIFIC IN TECHNICOLOR! I'M GIVING YOU A CONTRACT! WE START ON YOUR FIRST PICTURE TOMORROW!

HOPE THIS DYE HOLDS OUT!

A tremendous publicity campaign makes Citronella a household word over night! By the time her first picture is ready for its premiere, she's world famous...

MOVIE FANS WILL MOB YOU TONIGHT FOR YOUR AUTOGRAPH! THAT'S WHY I'M MAKING YOU PRACTICE SIGNING YOUR SIGNATURE!

AH! THAT'S PERFECT! I THINK YOU'VE PRACTICED ENOUGH!

IT OUGHT TO BE! I SIGNED MY NAME A THOUSAND TIMES!

HEY, POP! WHERE YOU GOING?

I'M GOING DOWN TO PREPARE FOR YOUR GRAND ENTRANCE AT THE PREMIERE TONIGHT!

BOREMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE

GET YOUR ORIGINAL CITRONELLA AUTOGRAPHS HERE! ONLY ONE FINN!

TONIGHT WORLD PREMIERE CITRONELLA IN GROWING PAINS

SO! A SPECULATOR, EH?

SELLING AUTOGRAPHS IS SPECULATION, BUD, AND SPECULATION IN FRONT OF ANY THEATRE IS UNLAWFUL! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

BUT I'M CITRONELLA'S FATHER! I GOTTA SEE HER GRAND ENTRANCE!

BOREMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE

WAIT! THERE'S HER LIMOUSINE, NOW!

WORLD PREMIERE CITRONELLA, IN GROWING PAINS

MY LITTLE GIRL--- PUTTING HER FOOT-PRINT IN THE CEMENT ALONG WITH ALL THOSE FAMOUS STARS!

AS FATHER AND MANAGER OF CITRONELLA, I DEMAND THAT YOU ALLOW ME TO PUT MY FOOTPRINTS NEXT TO THOSE OF MY DAUGHTER!

OH, ALL RIGHT! BUT NO FUNNY BUSINESS!

OFFICER, YOU'RE A GENTLEMAN!

HERE GOES! MY FOOTPRINTS FOR ETERNITY!

GOSH! IT'S D-DEEP!

BLOOP!

LOOK OUT, OFFICER! THE FANS ARE FOLLOWING CITRONELLA INTO THE THEATRE!

OOF!

HE'S OUT COLD! AND I CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE BY MYSELF! IN ANOTHER HOUR, THIS CEMENT WILL HARDEN! WHAT'LL I DO?

Hours later...

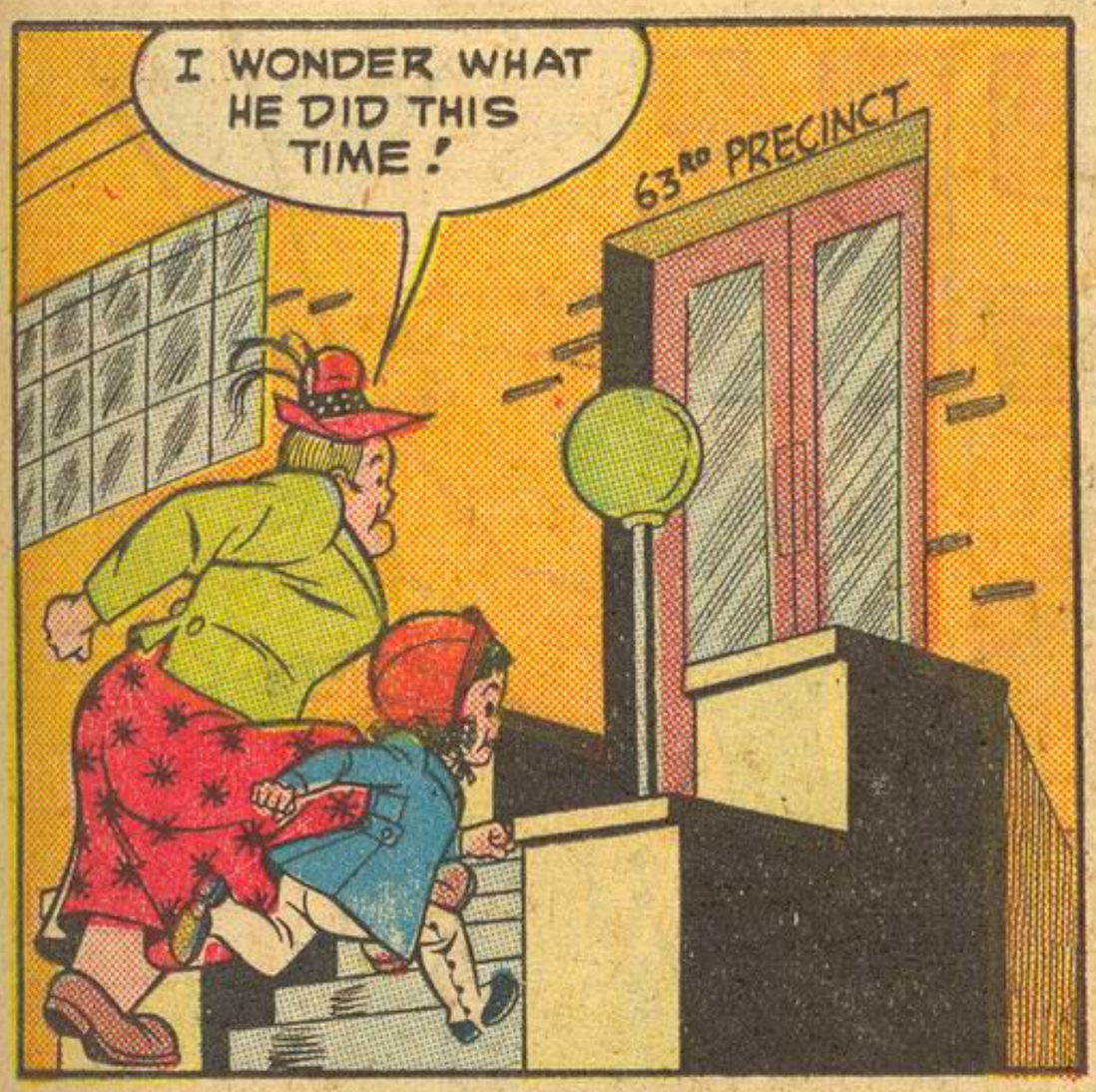
SO! YOU'VE FINALLY COME TO! WELL, YOU'RE TOO LATE! THE CEMENT HAS HARDENED AND NOW YOU CAN'T PINCH ME! YAAA!

HUH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT?

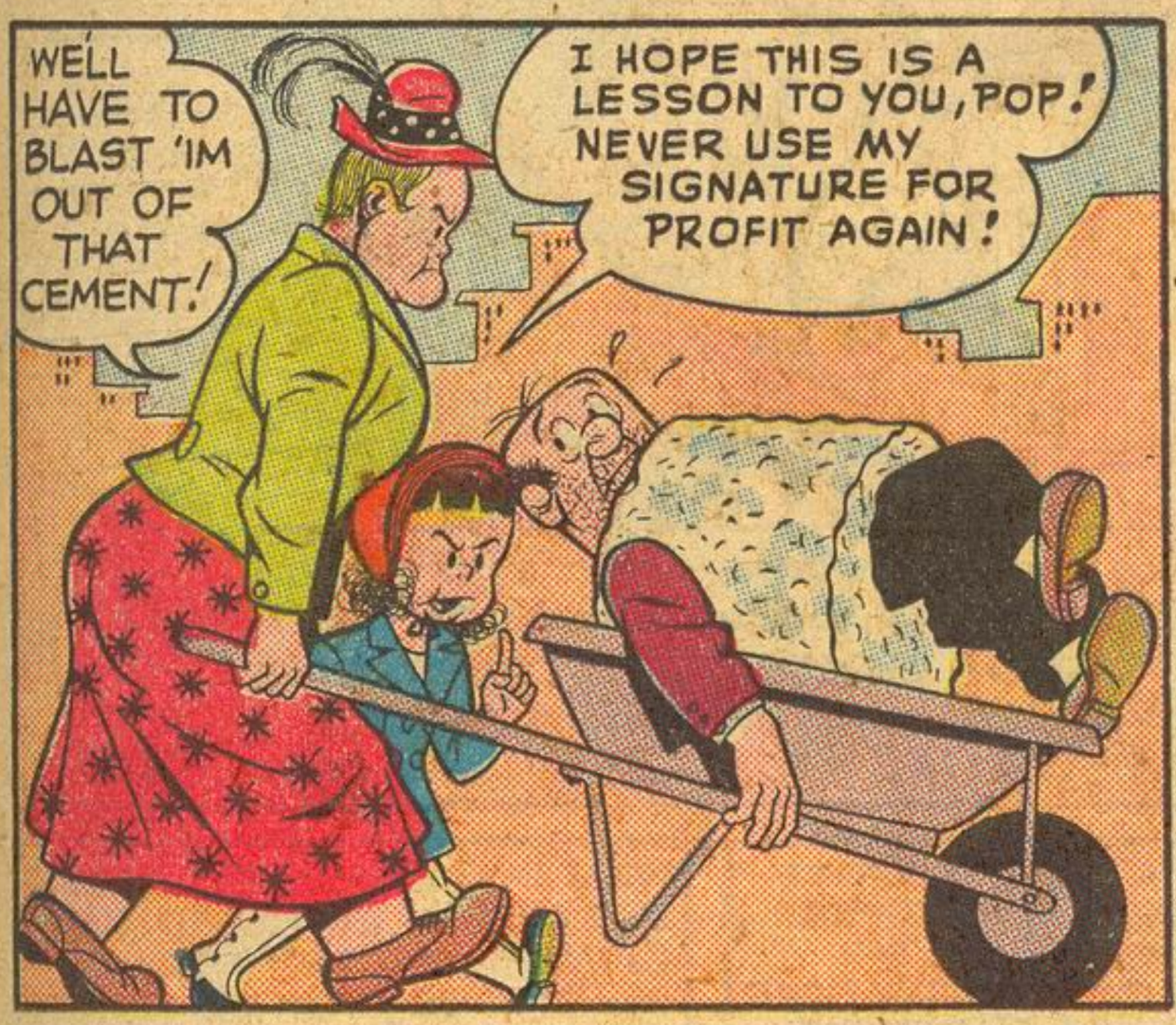
CALL OUT THE EMERGENCY SQUAD! I GOT A GUY UNDER ARREST AND I CAN'T BUDGE HIM!

AND WHAT'S MORE, I'M ADDING RESISTING ARREST TO THE CHARGES!

PARDON ME, MISS CITRONELLA, BUT YOUR FATHER CALLED! HE'S BEING DETAINED BY THE POLICE! HE WANTS YOU TO COME BAIL HIM OUT!


I WONDER WHAT HE DID THIS TIME!
63RD PRECINCT


I WARN YOU, YOUNG LADY, IF WE CATCH YOUR FATHER SPECULATING AGAIN, WE'LL GIVE HIM LIFE!
HERE'S THE BAIL!


WE'LL HAVE TO BLAST 'IM OUT OF THAT CEMENT!
I HOPE THIS IS A LESSON TO YOU, POP! NEVER USE MY SIGNATURE FOR PROFIT AGAIN!


One week later, as Citronella looks for clippings for her scrap book---
AH! HERE'S ANOTHER PICTURE OF ME! WHAT'S THIS?


EEEOW!
NOW DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP, CIT! I HAD ONE OF YOUR SIGNATURES LEFT AND---


---I COULDN'T RESIST ALL THE MONEY I WAS OFFERED TO USE IT FOR THAT TESTIMONIAL! OUCH!!
HAVE YOU GOT GRAY HAIR? FAMOUS CHILD STAR ENDORSES STICKY HAIR RINSE! "IT MAKES YOU LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER", says Citronella

BLACK X

Two feet of cord---not long enough to tie a box, span a pavement or carry a bale... seemingly useless! But, in the hands of one who knows how to use it, a WEAPON OF DEADLY DESTRUCTION! The police of a great city were baffled... but not BLACK X and his faithful BATU!

Inspector Beef Burton has hurried to answer a mysterious summons....

IT'S CAPTAIN FORWYN, ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR BURTON---- DEAD!

THIS IS WHAT HIS NOTE MEANT---I WAS TO FOLLOW HIM HERE AND FIND HIM---LIKE THIS!

GET READY FOR ANYTHING! I HEAR SOMEBODY COMING! IN---

I SUPPOSE YOU THINK IT'S THE GUILTY FIEND RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME, BEEF! WELL, IT ISN'T---

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CRIME? WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA, BLACK X, THAT---

WHY ELSE WOULD MY FRIEND CAPTAIN FORWYN ASK ME TO MEET HIM HERE? WHERE IS HE, AND WHAT DOES HE WANT US TO SEE?

FORWYN, LIKE MYSELF, STUDIES CERTAIN BALEFUL EASTERN MYSTERIES! HIS SECRETARY, DALBOM, BROUGHT ME A NOTE SAYING THAT I MUST JOIN THE CAPTAIN HERE BECAUSE OF A CERTAIN *FRIGHTENING DISCOVERY!*

DISCOVER THAT, BLACK X! IT'S FRIGHTENING ENOUGH--- CAPTAIN FORWYN HAS HANGED HIMSELF!

POOR CHAP! THIS LONELY SHACK---AND DEATH WAITING! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

THE WAY I FIGURE IT, HE CLIMBED UP ON THE RAFTER, MADE THE NOOSE FAST, AND THREW HIMSELF DOWN! THERE'S NOTHIN' AROUND FOR HIM TO STAND ON! TAKE THE BODY INTO TOWN, McCOOLEY!

SUICIDE, EH? MAYBE IT HAPPENED THE WAY YOU SAY, BEEF! BUT IF SO, ISN'T THERE SOMETHING *MISSING?* SOMETHING *UNUSUAL?*

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT, BLACK X--- BUT I STILL FIGURE IT AS A SUICIDE! WHATEVER CAPTAIN FORWYN LEARNED, WAS APPARENTLY TOO MUCH FOR HIM TO LIVE WITH!

Returning to his apartment, Black X calls ----

MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE? THIS IS IS BLACK X--- I'M CALLING ABOUT THE FORWYN CASE! WHAT DID YOU FIND?

JUST WHAT INSPECTOR BURTON EXPECTED! FORWYN DIED OF STRANGULATION---ROPE DRAWN TIGHT AROUND HIS NECK! NO OTHER INJURY OR POSSIBLE CAUSE OF DEATH!

STRANGLED! CHOKED! BUT THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*, UNLESS--- WHAT IS IT, BATU?

I HAVE FETCHED THE CAPTAIN'S SECRETARY, SAHIB, JUST AS YOU COMMANDED!

PARDON ME FOR DISTURBING YOU, DALBOM, BUT I MUST KNOW ALL POSSIBLE DETAILS OF YOUR EMPLOYER'S LAST MOMENTS!

HE WAS MY FRIEND, SIR, AS HE WAS YOURS! LIKE YOU, I KNEW HE WAS INVESTIGATING THE COMING TO AMERICA OF THE EASTERN BROTHERHOOD OF BHOR!

BROTHERHOOD OF BHOR! I'VE HEARD RUMORS.... A CULT THAT LIVES BY ROBBERY!

CAPTAIN FORWYN HAD HEARD THE BROTHERHOOD HAD ESTABLISHED A REPRESENTATIVE HERE --- TO RECEIVE THEIR STOLEN LOOT AND SELL IT TO FENCES IN THE UNDERWORLD!

HE SHOULD HAVE CALLED ON YOU FROM THE BEGINNING, SIR! BUT HE WAS BRAVE! TONIGHT HE GOT A MESSAGE SAYING THE TRUTH WOULD BE REVEALED IN THAT COUNTRY SHACK! HE WROTE NOTES TO YOU AND INSPECTOR BURTON, THEN HE ---

HE TURNED UP HANGED! BURTON CALLS IT A SUICIDE... BUT I WONDER! BATU, WE SHALL VISIT THE CITY'S ORIENTAL QUARTER!

Among the Orientals of the metropolis.

BROTHERHOOD OF BHOR, YOU SAY, BLACK X? MAY ALLAH STRIKE THEM AS THEY DESERVE! TRUE BELIEVERS IN THIS QUARTER WOULD SLAY ANY OF THEM ON SIGHT!

JOT THAT DOWN, BATU! THANK YOU, MY FRIEND!

AYE, SADI, I HAVE HEARD OF THE VILE BROTHERHOOD! LET NONE OF THEM VENTURE HERE! THE QUARTER WOULD RISE AND TEAR THEM TO PIECES!

PARDON, SAHIB! SOMEONE FOLLOWS US... STEALTHILY!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN... WHY, IT'S DALBOM!

I'VE BEEN SHADOWING YOU, SIR! I FEARED THAT TROUBLE MIGHT THREATEN YOU IN THIS MYSTERIOUS DISTRICT!

SINCE YOU'RE HERE, LISTEN TO WHAT THAT PEDDLER TELLS BATU! IT CLINCHES MY THEORY!

I AM OF THE MOST HUMBLE, BUT I WOULD FEEL DIRTIED BY THE SHADOWS OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF BHOR!

YOU SAY YOU HAVE A THEORY, BLACK X!

MORE THAN A THEORY, DALBOM--- A CERTAINTY! THE WORLD WILL KNOW HOW AND WHY CAPTAIN FORWYN DIED, AFTER I VISIT THE SCENE OF HIS DEATH TONIGHT!

GO TO YOUR HOME, DALBOM! YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO HEAR FROM ME!

YOU DO NOT GO ALONE, SAHIB! I ACCOMPANY YOU!

NO, BATU, I PLAY A LONE HAND! BUT YOU SHALL HELP ME COSTUME MYSELF APPROPRIATELY FOR A MEETING WITH A MOST *INTERESTING* RASCAL!

I PRAY HEAVEN FOR YOUR SAFETY, SAHIB!

YOU LOOK LIKE THE NOBLEMAN YOU ARE, SAHIB!

WHAT FLATTERY, BATU! NOW MY HAT---- *THE BOWLER!* I THINK IT WILL GO BEST WITH THIS ENSEMBLE!

AND NOW I AM READY! REMEMBER, BATU--- FOLLOW ONLY AT THE TIME I HAVE SET! TWO OF US MIGHT BE TOO MANY FOR OUR CAUTIOUS OPPONENT!

NEVER HAVE I WISHED MORE GREATLY TO DISOBEY!

A PERFECT NIGHT--- FOR WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

MY SUSPICIONS WERE ROUSED WHEN I SAW FORWYN'S BODY--- THEY WERE MADE STRONGER BY THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S REPORT--- AND MY FRIENDS IN THE ORIENTAL QUARTER CLINCHED THEM!

HERE IN THE DARKNESS REMAINS THE EVIDENCE THAT WILL CONVINCE THE POLICE THAT I'M RIGHT! IN FACT---

NOW, YOU WILL DIE AS CAPTAIN FORWYN DIED --- STRANGLED BY THIS TWIST OF CORD!

THEN I'LL HANG YOU UP LIKE HIM, TO FOOL--- HELP!

SO SORRY TO FRUSTRATE YOU! BUT MY NECK'S NOT DESIGNED FOR STRANGLING TONIGHT!

I HAVE OTHER WEAPONS!

BULLETS CANNOT HARM ME, EITHER!

I'LL SMASH YOUR SKULL!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, AS WELL! AND IT'S TIME FOR BATU TO MAKE HIS APPEARANCE, WITH A LIGHT!

THUNK!

PRAY HEAVEN YOU ARE SAFE, SAHIB!

NOT A SCRATCH ON ME, BATU! BRING THAT LANTERN CLOSER AND LOOK AT WHAT I'VE CAPTURED!

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE AMERICAN AGENT OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF BHOR, AND MURDERER OF CAPTAIN FORWYN, WHO WAS CLOSE TO EXPOSING HIM--- MR. DALBOM!

I ADMIT IT! BUT HOW DID YOU GUESS...

FORWYN DIED BY BEING STRANGLED! BUT THERE WAS NO CHAIR OR BOX NEAR WHERE HIS BODY HUNG--- AND IF HE HAD THROWN HIMSELF FROM THE HEIGHT OF THE RAFTERS---

I UNDERSTAND NOW, SAHIB! HIS NECK WOULD HAVE BEEN BROKEN BY THE SUDDEN PULL OF THE ROPE!

SINCE YOU KNEW OF HIS COMING HERE, I WONDERED IF YOU HADN'T SENT HIM THE MESSAGE, DELIVERED HIS NOTES TO BURTON AND ME---THEN FOLLOWED HIM! THE TESTIMONY IN THE ORIENTAL QUARTER CONVINCED ME NO REAL MEMBER OF THE BROTHERHOOD WAS HERE---AN AMERICAN MUST HANDLE THE SALE OF THEIR LOOT!

I THOUGHT I WAS SAFE---BUT YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE COMING HERE, ONLY TO MAKE ME FOLLOW YOU AND EXPOSE MYSELF!

BUT HOW DID YOU ESCAPE MY ATTACK?

I KNEW YOU'D HAVE A STRANGLE CORD---AND UNDER MY SCARF I WORE THIS ARMOR ON MY THROAT! AGAINST OTHER DANGERS I WORE A BULLET-PROOF VEST---AND AN IRON SKULL CAP, BUILT INSIDE MY DERBY!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN I HAD NO CHANCE AGAINST YOU! I ACCEPT DEFEAT!

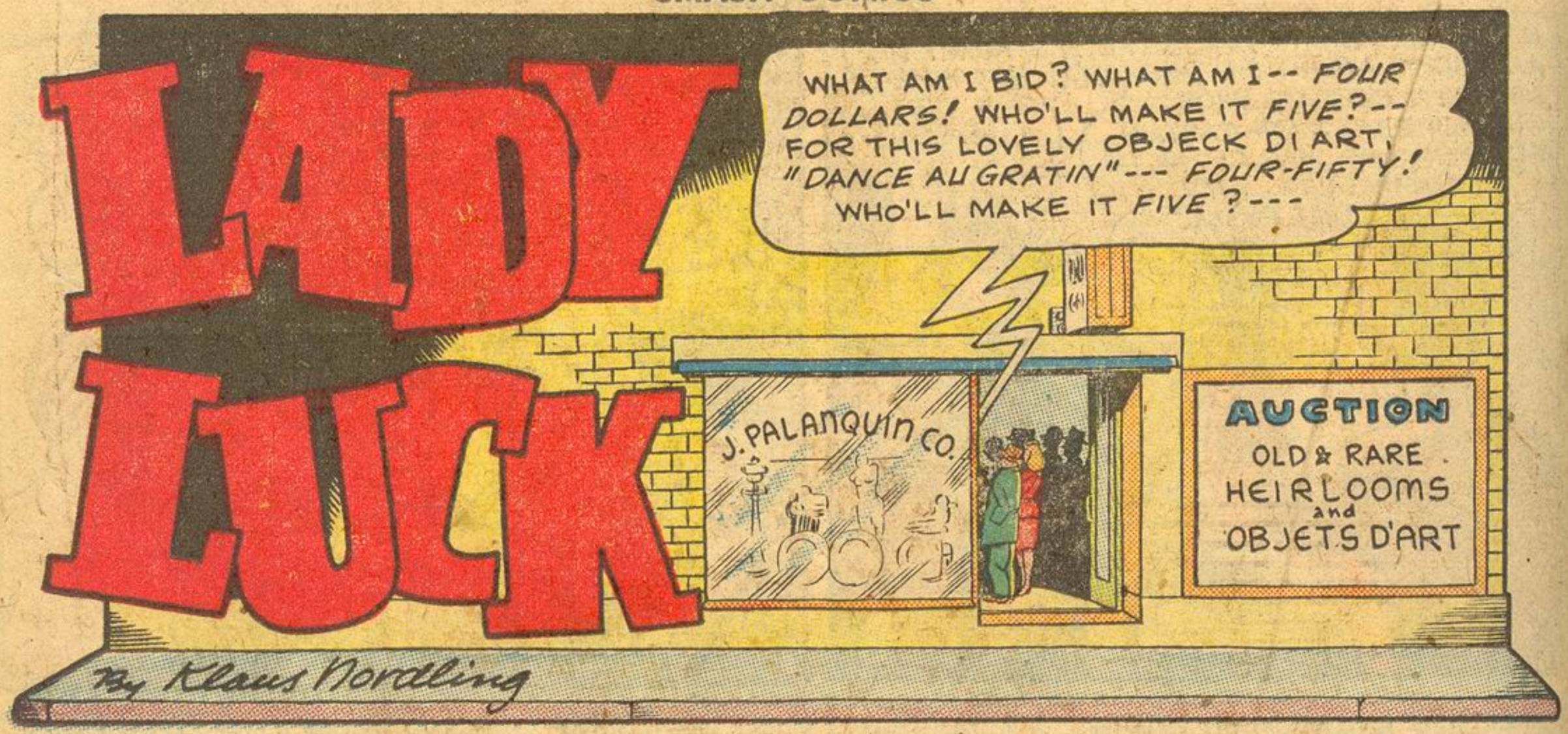
BATU, WE'LL TAKE HIM TO BEEF BURTON---THEN RETURN AND REST AT HOME AS WE DESERVE!

HE WAS A CLEVER CRIMINAL, SAHIB! HE PLANNED AN ELABORATE MURDER!

TRUE, BATU! BUT THE MORE ELABORATE A MURDER PLAN, THE MORE FAULTS BETRAY IT!

LADY LUCK

By Klaus Nordling













FAP! LADY LUCK TO MEET IN TEN MINUTES AM I -- BUT WITH THIS WORTHLESS BRAC-A-BRIC WHAT TO DO? OH, GLOOM!

DEAR ME, COUNT.. DON'T TELL ME YOU GOT TIRED WAITING...

IT'S GONE!

MY "DANCE AU GRATIN" -- IT FOUR-FIFTY COST ME! FIRST AT AN AUCTION GYPPED -- THEN BY A FOOTPAD STRIPPED! OH, WOE!

DID YOU SEE THE THIEF'S FACE?

NO! BUT HIS FACE INDEED WOULD I FAIN SEE WHEN THE BROKEN HEAD TO THE STATUETTE *GLUED* HE FINDS!

NOW WHY SHOULD HE ROB YOU OF THAT WORTHLESS OBJECT AND NOTHING ELSE?

LA! THE AUCTION IS ENDED!

MAYBE I CAN PICK UP A RANDOM CLUE IN THERE! YOU WAIT OUTSIDE, COUNT....

ANQUIN CO.

AUCTION

I AM *WERY* DISGOSTED! I FIND NOTTING OF WALUE -- NOTTING BOT OLD-FASHIONED, SENTIMENTAL *PIFFLE!* IS NOT EWEN *ONE MODERN* I COULD BUYING?

WHO'S THE DOLL WITH THE MASK?

OH-OH! IT'S *LADY LUCK!* WATCH YOUR STEP!

DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A STATUETTE CALLED *"DANCE AU GRATIN"*?

ER--- I'LL HAVE TO ASK THE BOSS---

CERTAINLY, MADAM.. I HAVE ONE RIGHT HERE.. AT $5.95... LOOK IT OVER!

HMM.. THIS IS ALL IN ONE PIECE.. UNDAMAGED!

YOU HAVE A RARE COPY OF *"DANCE AU GRATIN"*, I BELIEVE...

YES, SIR!

I'LL TAKE IT!

HE DIDN'T EVEN ASK THE PRICE-- AND IT'S THE *BROKEN* ONE!

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND-- I DON'T WANT IT! YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THIS ONE, SIR--- IT'S UNDAMAGED--

NO! NO, I WOULD NOT THINK OF IT! I'LL TAKE *THIS* ONE!

REALLY, I INSIST! WHY BUY A DAMAGED ARTICLE?

NONSENSE! I-I-I *LOVE* BROKEN THINGS! I *COLLECT* THEM! LET ME HAVE IT --OOPS!

I DECLARE! IT'S THE *DIMESWORTH RUBY!*--SO *THAT'S* WHAT HAPPENED TO IT!

YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT, SISTER!

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO BE IN A FEW PIECES, TOO!

YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO FOOL AROUND WITH A *HOT ROCK!* YOU MIGHT GET BURNED!

CALL A COP!

CALL A COP!

CALL A--? *HALP! POLICE!!*— ---WHAT AM I DOING? THAT'S *ME!*

GLORY BE! HERE YOU--YER UNDER ARREST! DISTURBIN' THE PEACE!

SO YOU AUCTIONED THE WRONG STATUE! SOONER OR LATER YOU THUGS ALWAYS PULL A BONER!

THE *DIMESWORTH RUBY!* AND THE THIEVES THEMSELVES! GLORY BE!

AH, WELL--THE PIECES WILL I CEMENT TOGETHER AGAIN! AFTER ALL, I *DID* PAY FOR IT $4.50!

SO! WHAT DO YOU THINK? *BRENDA BANKS* PERHAPS WILL LIKE IT? YES?

AAHH!! AT LAST! A SUPORB SPECIMEN OF ABSTRACT SCULBTURE! FOR IT I GIFF TWENNY DOLLARS! A GOOD WALUE!

COUNT! --UH-UH!

AUCTION TODAY! PRICELESS ANTIQUES! *RARE* AMERICANA!

Batch BACHELOR

HIYA, BABE?

NO ...TERIN...

G-GULP!

!

WELL! DON'T JUST STAND THERE, BATCH! DON'T YOU REALIZE I'VE BEEN INSULTED? GO UP TO THAT WOLF AND DEMAND A **WRITTEN APOLOGY!** WHAT SORT OF LADY DOES HE THINK I AM?

GULP!

!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

G-GULP! T-THAT W-WON'T BE--BE--NECESSARY, HON-NEE! WHEN I GET HOME TONIGHT, I'LL C-CALL THE GENTLEMAN UP ON THE **PHONE**... DEMANDING A **WRITTEN APOLOGY**.... AND IF THAT DOESN'T WORK--I'LL REPORT THE GENTLEMAN TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!

G-GULP!

!

THAT'S A **SAFE THOUGHT,** HON-NEE! NO TELLIN' WHAT **YOU** MIGHT DO TO THE RUFFIAN *PHYSICALLY* IF HE REFUSED TO GIVE YOU AN APOLOGY IN PERSON!

!

WHEW! THAT WUZ FAST THINKIN'!

ALL YOU GOTTA DO NOW IS ... **ASK** THE RUFFIAN FOR HIS **NAME** AND **PHONE NUMBER!** OTHERWISE, WE'D HAVE TROUBLE FINDIN' HIS NAME IN THE PHONE BOOK!

G-GULP!

!

AH--ER--EXCUSE M-ME, SIR! GULP! N-NICE D-DAY... AIN'T IT? GULP!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

... WOULD Y-Y-YOUSE BE-BE--BE K-KIND ENOUGH T--TO GIVE ME YOUR NAME AND PH--PHONE N--N-- NUMBER ---I--I--ER--WOULD--- GULP!

!

DE NOIVE OF SOME PEOPLE! I NEVER HOID OF SUCH **FORWARDNESS!**

I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! W-WHEN HE SAID HE DIDN'T HAVE A PHONE... I TOL' HIM TO HAVE ONE **INSTALLED!**

!

THAT DOES IT! I NEVER WAS SO HUMILIATED IN ME LIFE! @@**XX!!X!

!

!

PROFESSOR BOTCHAGALOOP! HAVE YOU PERFECTED YET YOUR SPECIALLY CONCOCTED PHYSICAL DEFENSE HOROSCOPE... FOR DEFENSELESS JERKS?

YES! BUT I BE NEEDINK A JERK... ER... PEWPILL TO BE PROVINK IT'S SOCKSESS OR FAILURE!

!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

PROFESSOR! PROFESSOR! OPEN UP! IT'S YOUR CUZZIN, BUNNY BANANAS! IT AIN'T THE COPS... YET!

!

LEAVE ME SEE NOW... IF HE BE BORN.. BURP!.. MONTS JOON... ALRADDY YAT HE BE COMINK UNDER CATSAGORY OF... HMM ♫ HOKAY, VICTUM, ER.. AH... PEWPILL... BE GETTINK RADDY FOR FEESICAL HORRORSCOPE LESSON ONE EIGHT! IT'S A PIPSEE!

!

CRACKERS

DON'T BE GATTINK HOXCITED, MINE PEWPILL! JUST PRECAUTIONARY.. BURP... MEASURES YET, AGAINST OUTSIDE FRESH AIR! ME ALLERJERK TO FRESH AIR! BURP!

!

G-GULP!

CLICK!

BURP! BURP! BURP!

OH, DEAR!

WHOLLY CATS!

TEN lessons later...

MY CUZZIN --- BE ALLOWINK ME CONGRATULASHUN YOU --- BURP! OUR PEWPILL BE PASSINK MY FEESICAL HORRORSCOPE COURSE WEETH FLYINK COLORS! BURP!

OH, THANK YOU, PROFESSOR! FOR A MOMENT THERE I WAS WORRIED HE WOULD FLUNK!

AND NOW YET IT BE GIVINK ME NO LESS -- GREATS PLEASURES TO BE PRESENCE YOU THIS GRADUASHUNS DEEPLOMA! BURP!

SOB! THANK YOU, PROFESSOR! GRADUATION EXERCISES ALWAYS MAKE ME SAD WITH JOY! I'M SO THRILLED!

IT WAS AWFULLY NICE OF THE PROFESSOR TO GIVE BATCH A DIPLOMA TO BACK UP HIS DEFENSE HOROSCOPE THEORY!

ZZZZZZZZ

SUCCESS

NOW FOR THE TESTING GROUNDS --- PROOF POSITIVE --- GOOD OL' BEDLAM STREET! HOPE BATCH HASN'T FORGOTTEN HIS LESSONS!

ZZZZZZZZ

HON-NEE, DEAR! WAKE UP! GET READY WITH YOUR LESSONS! THIS IS BEDLAM STREET!

!

BIFF! CRASH! CLOP! BOP!

One hour later...

PUFF! PUFF! OH, DEAR! PUFF! TSK! TSK! PUFF!

PROFESSOR! PROFESSOR BOTCHAGALOOP! OH, DEAR! PROFESSOR! =SOB=

BUNNEE! I BE THANKINK YOU YET YOU BE COMINK BACK! SHOCKING NOOSES I BE HAVINK FOR YOU...

B-BUT--- BUT ARE YOU SURE, PROFESSOR?

POSATOOTSLY!

One split second later...

HOSPITAL

YIPES!

SHUCKS! THIS IS NUTTIN, PROFESSOR! YOU SHOULDA SEEN HOW THEY HADDA SHOVEL HIM UP! IT'SA GOOD THING THEY HAD SHOVELS!

YOO, HOO, HONNEE! YOU MUST WAKE UP! IT ISN'T POLITE TO SLEEP WHEN YOU HAVE A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR LIKE THE PROFESSOR! YOO HOO! THE PROFESSOR WANTS TO···

Z Z Z Z Z

!

SOME MESSES!

MINE PEWPILL---I BE BRINGINK YOU GOODS TIDINKS WITH HAPPY REPARASHUNS, TOMORROW MORNINK, NO LESS··· I BE WANTINK YOU SHOULD BE COMINK TO MY OFFICE··· AND···

!

13

···BE TAKINK MINE HORRORSCOPE HIPSOMTISM CORSET! ME LIKE JOIKS IS BE GIVINK YOU **WRONG COURSE!** SLIGHT MISCALCULASHUN ON CHART I BE MAKINK···

STRAIGHTS T'ROO **TUNNEL**, BUNNEE! **TRAINS** WON'T BE **HURTINK** HALF AS MUCH AS MINE FORMER PEWPILL!

OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR! I **WONDER!**

Eee!!? **!★#!?

DOC lays an egg-Maybe

DOC WACKEY never resents anyone calling his inventions Goldbergs. They are. They are screwy. Wherein Doc Wackey doesn't belie his name.

Take his most recent device, for example. It was a nine day's wonder. It caused a panic. It made men steal and almost commit murder. A get-rich-quick device, it broke on the world one day in late September. Twenty-four hours later the entire Midwest was agog with dreams of riches.

Of course, Doc Wackey had no idea his invention was going to sweep the nation. Although he said afterward that he knew the idea was a good one. Had he been unscrupulous, he would have made a fortune.

But the story has a different ending—

In fact, the story has a different beginning.

It started like this: One day Dave Clark, well known radio announcer and friend of Doc's, came into the latter's cluttered laboratory and looked around.

"What can I do for you, Dave?" Doc asked him.

Dave shrugged. "Wish I knew, Doc. We have a new sponsor, one with money, but with a product that is hard to sell these days—at least over the air."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"Chickens."

"Chi— You mean hens and roosters?"

"Exactly," said Dave. "Lots of people have a few chickens. They don't want any more. Anyway, the ones they have don't lay enough eggs."

"Hunh!" Doc rubbed the reddish thatch on his head. "Eggs," he said. "Don't lay enough, huh?"

"Naw. So they're a liability."

Doc looked up. "Would they be a liability if they laid more eggs? Would people buy chickens that laid a dozen eggs a day?"

"Sure. But that's crazy. Chickens don't lay that way."

"No," said Doc. "No, they don't. But if they could be forced to—"

"What are you getting at, Doc?"

But Doc would tell him nothing more, and Dave left, thinking the world was quite often a dull place. Especially for radio announcers who had to cook up selling campaigns for their sponsors.

A few days later, Doc called Dave into his laboratory.

"Well, here it is, boy," said Doc, exhibiting a tiny contraption about the size of a milk carton.

"What the heck is it?" Dave asked.

"Egg stimulator," Doc said.

"Egg stim—"

"A device to make hens lay a dozen eggs a day," said Doc easily. "Works too. I've been trying it on some hens."

Doc waited for the explosion of laughter. It didn't come. Instead, Dave Clark got an interested look on his face.

"Listen, Doc, you aren't kidding, are you? Have you got something to make hens lay?"

"That's what I've been telling you. This little device hooks to any radio. One to each henhouse. It sends out a sound inaudible to human ears, but one that is readily heard by chickens. I guarantee that particular sound will make them lay more eggs."

Dave blinked. "Simple as that, huh?"

Doc grinned. "I know what you're going to say next: 'Why hasn't someone thought of this gadget before?"

"As a matter of fact," said Dave, "I was. Why haven't they?"

"I don't know," said Doc.

Dave picked up the device. There was little visible except the paper case and two wires ready to be fastened to the proper outlets. "Nothing much to it, is there?" he said.

"More than you think," Doc told him. "But it is all enclosed. After all, why shouldn't I protect my invention from duplication?"

"Then you mean you're actually going to sell this gadget?" Dave demanded. He answered himself; "And why not! What do you want for the invention, Doc?"

Doc pondered. "I thought you might make a deal with that sponsor of yours. With an egg stimulator they can sell plenty of chickens, can't they?"

"Holy cow!" cried Dave. "Sure they can! Come on, Doc, we'll go see 'em! Bring the gadget!"

They were out of the lab in a moment and heading toward the sponsors' offices. They made a quick deal and a good one. Or at least, it seemed good at the time.

The ink was barely dry on the contract, however, when word of the new device leaked out. A newsman got hold of it, phoned it in to his paper, and the evening editions carried a story of an egg producer that made non-laying hens lay a dozen eggs a day. An hour later the sponsor who owned the contract was offered ten times what he had paid for it. He turned it down.

Then threatening wires began coming in. Sell out to us, or else!

The sponsor called in the FBI and the local police. The FBI wasn't interested until there was an actual threat, or attempt at kidnaping, or something, The local police said they had nothing to go on—yet.

The next morning, as the sponsor was driving to his office, he was fired on by an assailant in another car that sped by.

In the afternoon mail he received a large box marked fragile. He took it from his secretary's hands, lifted it, shook it, decided he could hear a faint tick—and called the police.

The cops gingerly carried the box to headquarters and chucked it into some acid that was supposed to drown out bombs. After duly waiting, they opened the box and found that it contained seeds of a rare Java plant which the sender claimed would make hens lay like mad.

All this time, Dave Clark was having a field day on the air. He told all about the egg stimulator, about the interest it had aroused, even about the would-be law-breaking of unscrupulous competitors.

And all this time little Doc Wackey, the inventor, was strutting about the streets being patted on the back and buying ice cream sodas for every newsboy in town. He was now a bigshot, with money in his pocket.

All because he had seen farther ahead than anybody else. Ho, what was an egg stimulator! Nothing at all. A simple device he could make for a few cents. Yet because of it, the world was at his feet.

The radio sponsor had been working feverishly with its new invention, trying it on its thousands of non-laying hens. And the recalcitrant biddies did turn out more eggs. Was it because of the radio device?

Of course! What else? Give the machine time. It would have every hen in the country laying eggs by the score. But no— The sponsor didn't want that. He wanted HIS hens to lay, but not those of his competitors. He'd sell them a less efficient machine—maybe—for a nice profit.

The offers he received for duplicate machines were out of the world. Millions were in the offing. But this sponsor was a prudent soul. He'd give the device a sound testing.

But while the tests were going on, word of the stimulator was spreading around the world. And the world was clamoring loudly and offering millions.

It was worth it. The sponsor's hens were laying at a phenomenal rate. A research bureau was set up to find new uses for the superabundant hen-fruit, and a new public relations staff worked feverishly on ways of making the world more egg-conscious.

There was only one flaw. A silly, minor thing, it seemed at the time. Bút later—

The egg-experts conducting the experiments had reported it laughingly at first. It seemed the hens were more possessive about these new, prolific eggs than they had ever been before.

"Probably proud of their own record," one of the testers commented. But as time went on, the situation grew worse. Men who went in to collect the eggs were scratched and pecked till they bled. Automatic devices were installed in the nests—the pressure of an egg on the nest floor would release a trap door, and the egg would roll into a receiving basket without disturbing the hen.

But even this didn't work. A hen deprived of her eggs for more than a few days would go suddenly berserk. All over the sponsor's experimental farms, wild-eyed hens squawked and flapped in insane fury. They were committing mass suicide.

On the day the sponsor's publicity campaign was officially to open, with a national broadcast ceremony, Dave Clark received a frantic phone call.

"Get that inventor buddy of yours over here, quick!" the sponsor's voice bellowed. "He's murdering my hens! What's he got in that infernal gadget, anyway?"

Breathlessly, Dave rushed to the laboratory of Doc Wacky. "Hey, Doc," he screamed. "Something's gone wrong—your inventions making the hens commit suicide—they won't let the men take their eggs away!"

Doc's ragged beard drooped with sudden, deep misery. "What a fool I am," he muttered. "I never thought of that—"

"Of *what*, Doc, for heaven's sake!"

"My stimulator—it's a supersonic whistle, as I told you. But the sound it makes is the high peep of a baby chick—the mother call humans can't even hear. It stimulates the hens' maternal instinct—naturally she lays more eggs. But now—they're frustrating all those poor chickens. Naturally, they want their children with them. Dave, it's no use. I take back my invention. I will not break the hearts of America's hens!"

The Jester

To many of his friends along the beat, Officer Chuck Lane is just a likeable cop doing his duty! None of them suspect that, when that duty is done, he steps into another role--to become *The Jester*, who always manages to have the last laugh on crime!

The quiet of Officer Chuck Lane's beat is suddenly broken by the sound of sirens...

AMBULANCE COMING THIS WAY---GUESS I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S COOKING!

WHEEEEEEEEAHN!

WHAT GOES ON---CAN I BE OF ANY HELP?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, OFFICER! I'M DOCTOR TROADE--THIS MAN IS BEING TAKEN TO MY PRIVATE SANITARIUM!

AMBULANCE

WHY---THAT'S MR. BROPHY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE VESUVIUS INSURANCE COMPANY!

A SAD CASE, OFFICER! MRS. BROPHY HERE, CALLED ME INSTEAD OF ONE OF THE REGULAR HOSPITALS, TO --ER-- AVOID EMBARRASSMENT!

YOU MEAN...?

YES ...MR. BROPHY HAS BEEN TAKEN MENTALLY ILL! MRS. BROPHY ASKED ME TO HELP HER AVOID A PUBLIC SCANDAL!

OH, OFFICER! PLEASE DON'T LET THIS GET INTO THE PAPERS! I COULDN'T BEAR THE PUBLICITY!

I'LL HAVE TO REPORT THIS... BUT I'LL DO MY BEST TO HELP YOU!

VERY WELL DONE, LOLA, MY DEAR! WE PUT THAT THICK-HEADED FLATFOOT CLEAR OFF THE TRACK!

AND TOMORROW MR. BROPHY PAYS OFF... BEFORE THE REAL MRS. BROPHY SHOWS UP!

The next day, as Chuck Lane goes off duty...

WHAT TH...? I'LL SWEAR THAT'S BROPHY TURNING INTO THE BANK, McGINTY!

ANY TIME A GUY TURNS INTO A BANK, IT'S A GOOD TRICK! CHECK UP!

BANK

THAT'S THE MAN, ALL RIGHT!

YOU MUST-- BE MISTAKEN...OFFICER! MY NAME-- IS SMITH!

PARDON ME, MR. BROPHY!

I CAN'T BE WRONG! MAYBE SOMEONE IN THE BANK CAN EXPLAIN THIS!

YOU'RE THE MANAGER... ISN'T THAT MR. BROPHY OF THE VESUVIUS INSURANCE COMPANY?

IT CERTAINLY IS-- HE JUST CASHED A CHECK FOR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! I TOLD HIM HE OUGHT TO HAVE POLICE PROTECTION WHILE HE'S CARRYING ALL THAT MONEY, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!

MANAGER

THANKS! I'D BETTER TAG ALONG, JUST TO SEE THAT HE COMES TO NO HARM!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, OFFICER!

NO SIGN OF BROPHY... BUT, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, HE'LL BE AT DR. TROADE'S SANITARIUM!

THAT'S BROPHY, ALL RIGHT! AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S IN PLENTY OF TROUBLE!

In the shelter of some bushes, a quick transformation takes place and---

THE JESTER TAKES OVER FROM HERE!

AND NOW FOR A QUICK CHECKUP ON DOCTOR TROADE AND HIS ESTABLISHMENT!

I HEAR VOICES··· AND ONE OF THEM IS TROADE'S!

ANOTHER HUNDRED GRAND FOR THE KITTY! NOW FOR MY LITTLE OPERATION··· BEFORE BROPHY COMES OUT OF HIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE AND REPENTS OF HIS GENEROSITY!

LIE DOWN, BROPHY! GIVE HIM A WHIFF OF ETHER, LOLA! HE'S STILL HYPNOTIZED··· BUT WE DON'T WANT HIM COMING TO DURING THE OPERATION!

MY WILL IS TO OBEY YOU IN ALL THINGS!

A TINY LITTLE BRAIN OPERATION AND BROPHY WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO TELL WHO FLEECED HIM···· BECAUSE HIS MEMORY WILL BE GONE!

EEEEK!

WHAT WAS THAT?

JESTER! WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

JUST OUR LITTLE JOKE, DR. TROADE! QUINOPOLIS AND I THINK YOU SHOULD POSTPONE THIS OPERATION!

I DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS LITTLE GAME··· YET! BUT YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN A COUPLE OF POINTS, DOCTOR TROADE!

YOU'LL REGRET THIS OUTRAGEOUS INTERRUPTION, YOU CLOWN!

WE HEARD THE BUZZER, BOSS ··· FIGURED YOU NEEDED US!

TAKE CARE OF THIS MONKEY··· HE'S ASKING TOO MANY QUESTIONS!

BROPHY CAN WAIT! I'LL PERFORM MY LITTLE OPERATION ON THIS INTERLOPER FIRST--- WHILE HE'S STILL OUT COLD!

LET ME GIVE HIM A WHIFF OF THIS GAS--THEN THE JESTER WILL LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS FACE!

WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM, HE WON'T EVEN REMEMBER HIS OWN NAME! THE JOKE IS ON THE JESTER THIS TIME!

YEARS AGO I PERFECTED MY MEMORY-DESTROYING OPERATION--- TO HELP MENTAL CASES! NOW IT SERVES A DOUBLE PURPOSE--- I CAN PREVENT THE VICTIMS I FLEECE, FROM REMEMBERING WHAT HAPPENED!

FIRST I HYPNOTIZE THEM AND MAKE THEM PAY--- THEN-- HEY!

SORRY, DOC! I JUST COULDN'T HOLD MY BREATH ANY LONGER!

KILL HIM! HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!

OKAY, BOSS! I GOT HIM COVERED!

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, QUINOPOLIS--- TWO BUZZARDS!

I'LL FIX THAT PRANKSTER!

SCISSORS ARE A WOMAN'S WEAPON, JESTER! I'LL---

THE GOING'S A LITTLE TOUGH, QUINOPOLIS, BUT---

WHERE AM I?

THAT KNOCK ON THE HEAD HAS BROKEN HIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE! I MUST SILENCE HIM SO THAT HE CAN NEVER TALK!

NOT SO FAST, TROADE!

I REMEMBER NOW! YOU'RE THE MAN WHO BROKE INTO MY APARTMENT AND KIDNAPPED ME!

HENRY! ARE YOU SAFE?

JESTER! WHEN THE REAL MRS. BROPHY HEARD FROM THE NEIGHBORS THAT HER HUSBAND HAD BEEN TAKEN AWAY, WE CAME HERE AT ONCE! BUT YOU GOT HERE FIRST!

WAIT, JESTER! I HEARD EVERYTHING! I ---

YOUR CASE IS ALL WRAPPED UP FOR YOU, McGINTY, AS USUAL! THE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS ARE THERE --- AND YOU KNOW ABOUT TROADE'S PLAN TO DESTROY BROPHY'S MEMORY! THE JESTER HAS AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT ELSEWHERE!

While the law takes Troade and his gang in hand ----

THE JESTER STEPS OUT ---- AND CHUCK LANE REPORTS BACK TO THE STATION!

The next day, as Officer Chuck Lane prepares to go on duty ----

THIS WILL MEAN A PROMOTION FOR ME, CHUCK! DETECTIVE McGINTY CRACKS A TOUGH CASE AND ROUNDS UP A GANG OF VICIOUS CRIMINALS!

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THE JESTER — EH, McGINTY?

DAFFY

BUT, DAFFY, SHE'S **SUPPOSED** TO KILL THE VILLAIN IN THIS SCENE!

WELL, I WON'T PERMIT IT! SHE'S TWICE THAT LITTLE FELLER'S SIZE!

THE BIG TOWN, AT LAST! NOW TO SEE JAKE MIKROBS ABOUT GETTING YOU A MATCH!

A FIGHT IN BABYLON SQUARE GARDEN! GOLLY!

BABYLON S GARDEN

NOT A CHANCE! FIRST, BECAUSE WHO WANTS TO SEE A LADY WRESTLER? SECOND, BECAUSE IF SOMEBODY WANTED TO SEE A LADY WRESTLER, WHO'S GOT AN OPEN NIGHT WHEN HE COULD SEE HER?

BUT DAFFY'S SENSATIONAL! SHE'D WOW 'EM!

WOW 'EM, SCHMOW 'EM, LOOKA MY SCHEDULE! TUESDAY NIGHT, HOCKEY! WEDNESDAY NIGHT, BASKETBALL! THURSDAY NIGHT, MASS MEETING! AND SO ON, AND ON, AND ON!

NOT A SINGLE OPEN NIGHT! OF ALL THE CRUMMY BREAKS!

AUBREY, HAVE YOU BEEN PAYING AS CLOSE ATTENTION TO THAT CONVERSATION AS I HAVE BEEN PAYING?

GOULASH! I HAVE NOT MISSED A WORD!

SO DOES IT GIVE YOU AN IDEA?

IDEAS ARE IN YOUR DEPARTMENT, GOULASH! WHAT'CHA GOT?

AN INSPIRATION, AUBREY! THEY NEED AN OPEN NIGHT FOR A WRESTLING MATCH! JAKE MIKROBS HASN'T GOT ONE! AND WE NEED A FAST BUCK! DOES IT ADD UP?

GOULASH, YOU KNOW I CAN'T ADD!

IT'S SIMPLE! WE PICK A NIGHT THAT ISN'T OPEN, AND GET TICKETS FOR A WRESTLING MATCH PRINTED JUST THE SAME! WE SELL 'EM OURSELVES!

THAT COULD LEAD TO GREAT CONFUSION ON THE NIGHT WHEN THE TWO DIFFERENT EVENTS WILL COINCIDE!

OBVIOUSLY! THEREFORE I WILL PICK AN EVENT WHICH I DO NOT LIKE AND HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT RUINING! THIS OPERA CANARY'S CONCERT, F'RINSTANCE!

SPLENDID! GUMMING UP HER CONCERT WILL BE A BOON TO MANKIND!

Madame Luzzi
CONCERT
IN
FORTISSIMO ALLEGRO
The Aria from
Basquatty's Opera
[illegible]
by
Jemedy

SO NOW WE FIND THAT MANAGER AND HIS WRESTLER, WHOM I RECOGNIZED AS DEKE PARSONS AND DAFFY!

I LEAVE IT IN YOUR ABLE HANDS, GOULASH!

DEKE PARSONS, YOU RECOGNIZE ME, NO DOUBT!

COULD BE I'VE SEEN YOU AROUND JAKE MIKROB'S OFFICE! SO WHAT?

YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME, DEKE! MY FRIEND AUBREY AND I ARE JAKE MIKROB'S RIGHT-HAND MEN! MY NAME'S GOULASH WINSLOW!

YOU ARE? AND HE SENT YOU HERE?

PRECISELY! TO CORRECT AN ERROR! SATURDAY NIGHT IS OPEN FOR A WRESTLING MATCH AND JAKE WANTS YOU TO SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE FOR A BOUT WITH STRANGLER CURZI!

OH, BOY!

JEEPERS! IT REALLY MEANS I CAN WRESTLE IN BABYLON SQUARE GARDEN!

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY, I ALWAYS SAY!

NEXT STOP IS COUNTER-FEITER CLANCY'S, WHERE WE WILL HAVE TICKETS PRINTED!

GOULASH, YOU MAKE THINGS LOOK SO EASY I AM HAPPY TO FOLLOW IN YOUR DISHONEST FOOTSTEPS!

Saturday night...

GEE, DEKE, HURRY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET INTO THAT RING!

NO RUSH, DAFFY! YOU DON'T GO ON UNTIL NINE-THIRTY!

BABYLON SQUARE GAR

But AT THAT MOMENT...

WAA-AA AAAA!

YOU GOT MY SEAT, MISTER!

I BEG YOUR PARDON! THIS IS THE SEAT I PAID FOR!

I CAN'T SING OVER THIS UPROAR!

I'LL PLAY LOUDER AND DROWN THEM OUT!

DEKE, LOOK AT THE OUTFIT SHE'S WEARING FOR A WRESTLING MATCH!

DRESSING ROOMS

YEAH! AND THAT'S A FUNNY RING! AND ARE YOU GOING TO FIGHT TO PIANO MUSIC? WELL---THEY DO SAY JAKE MIKROBS IS ECCENTRIC!

LET'S TRY AGAIN, MADAME CURZI!

WAAAH!

LOOK, SISTER, CALLING ME NAMES IN A LOUD VOICE IS NOT THE WAY TO DO IT! IF WE'RE GOING TO WRESTLE, LET'S WRESTLE!

WA-AAH!

HUH?

OFF THE STAGE, UPSTART! HAVEN'T I GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE MAKING MYSELF HEARD?

HEARD? LOOK, WHEN I WRESTLE WE DON'T MAKE A PHONY SHOW OF GROANS AND GRUNTS! LET'S GO!

WE'LL GIVE THE CUSTOMERS A FIGHT FOR THEIR MONEY!

HALP!

SEE THAT, PAL? I TOLD YOU IT WAS A WRESTLING MATCH, NOT A CONCERT! NOW WILL YOU GIMME MY SEAT?

NO! I BOUGHT A SEAT FOR A CONCERT AND I'M GOING TO GET ONE!

I'VE STOOD ENOUGH OF THIS!

AH! THERE'S SOME FIGHT IN YOU, AFTER ALL!

THERE!

CRASH!

TINKLE! TINKLE!

EE-EEOW-OW! MY NOSE IS CAUGHT! WA-AAAAH!

STEADY, DAFFY! I'LL GET YOU OUT!

SAY, I THOUGHT GOULASH WAS KIDDING WHEN HE GAVE ME A FREE TICKET TO SEE CURZI WRESTLE --- BUT SHE'S GOOD! I'M GONNA GIVE HER A STORY IN MY PAPER!

YOU FIGHT REPORTERS HAVE AN ODD SENSE OF HUMOR, BUT I MUST SAY THAT THE QUARRELSOME SINGER MADAME CURZI THREW INTO THE PIANO HITS A BEAUTIFUL HIGH F!

WAAAH!

THERE! I TOLD YOU IT WAS A CONCERT AND THE SEAT WAS MINE! SEE! NOT ONLY CURZI SINGS, BUT ALSO THE LADY IN THE PIANO!

THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS! I SAW GOULASH WINSLOW HANGING AROUND CLANCY'S! I'M GONNA BRING HIM HERE AND MAKE HIM EXPLAIN!

NICE THROW, BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO REPEAT IT!

BECAUSE I'M GOING TO PIN YOU, THIS TIME!

WA-A-AAAH!

NOW... IS IT A CONCERT OR A WRESTLING MATCH?

GULP! WELL, YOU SEE IT WAS THIS WAY!

OOPS! SORRY, GENTLEMEN! I DIDN'T MEAN TO THROW HER THAT FAR!

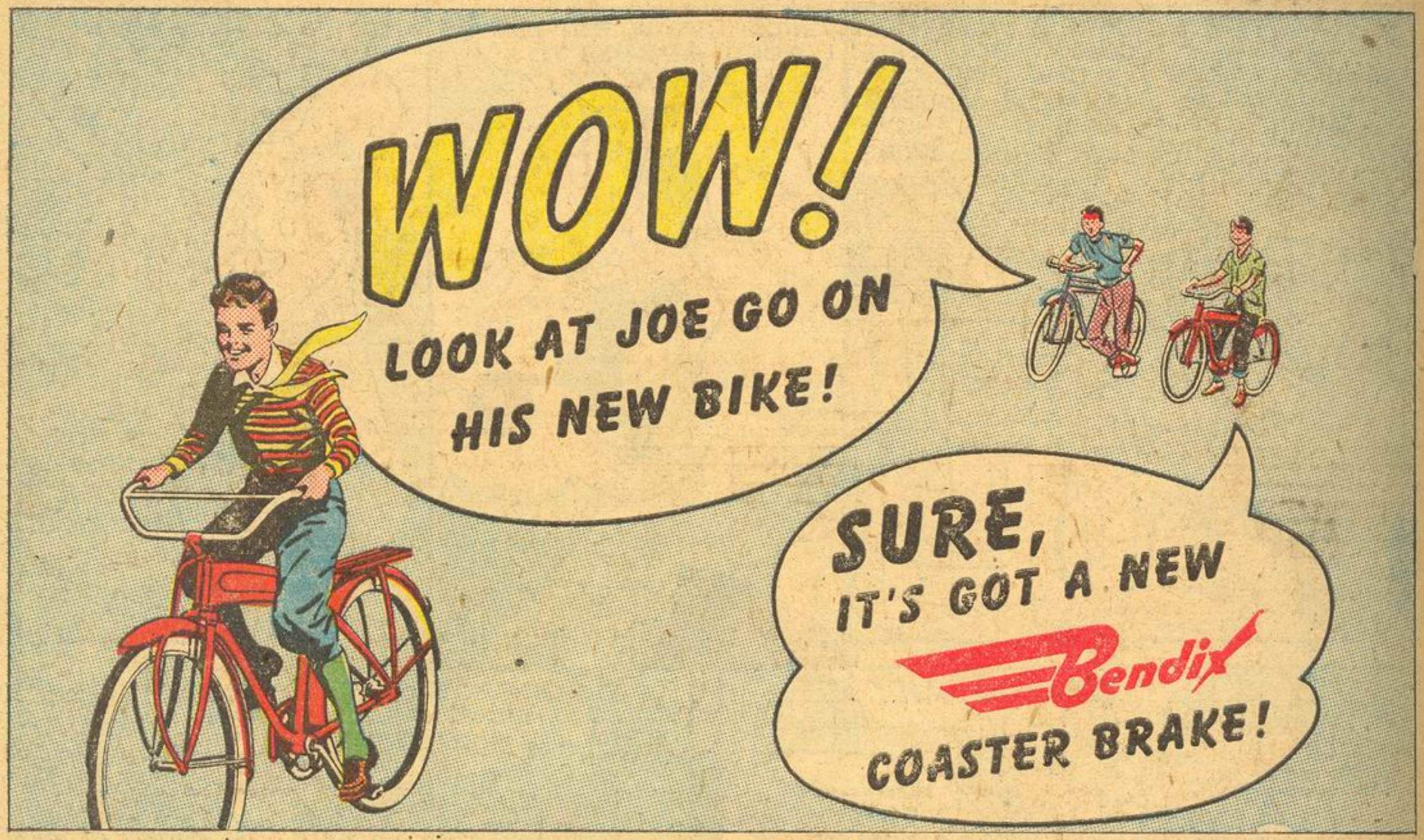
RAY, DAFFY! BRAVO CURZI

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THESE SHENANIGANS? I HEARD THE COMMOTION WAY UP IN MY OFFICE!

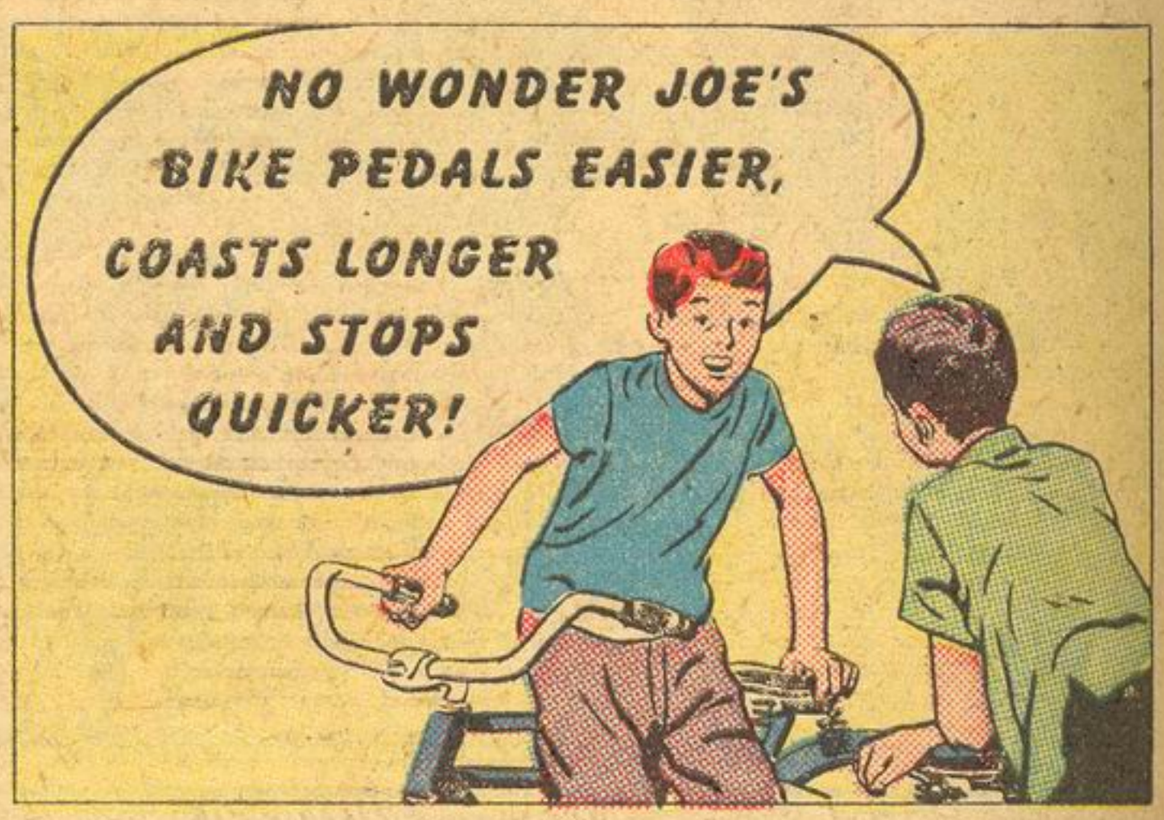
AS I WAS SAYING...

GOULASH HAS EXPLAINED EVERYTHING! HE IS A THIEF, BUT HE HAS GIVEN ME A GREAT IDEA! FROM NOW ON, EVERY SATURDAY WILL BE A COMBINATION CONCERT AND WRESTLING MATCH!

I STILL DON'T GET IT, DAFFY, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE WE EAT REGULARLY, ANYHOW!



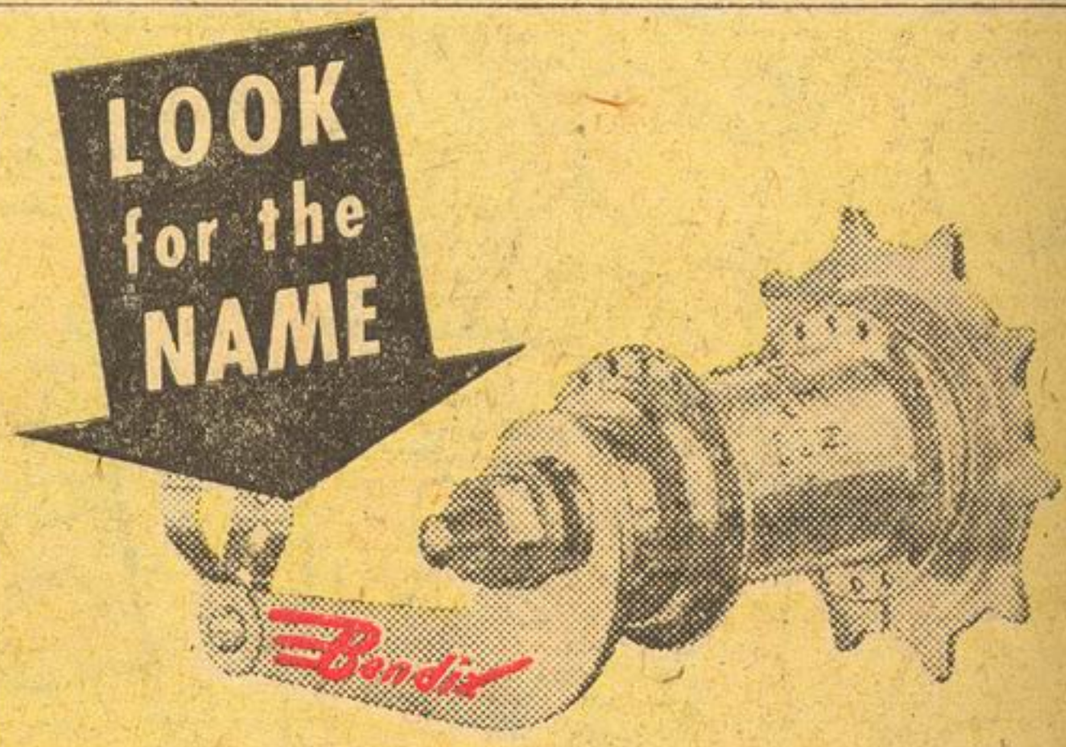




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"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS

JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOILING THE LUNATIC'S REVENGE



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!

CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, **I'LL** SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!

THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...

THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!

U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

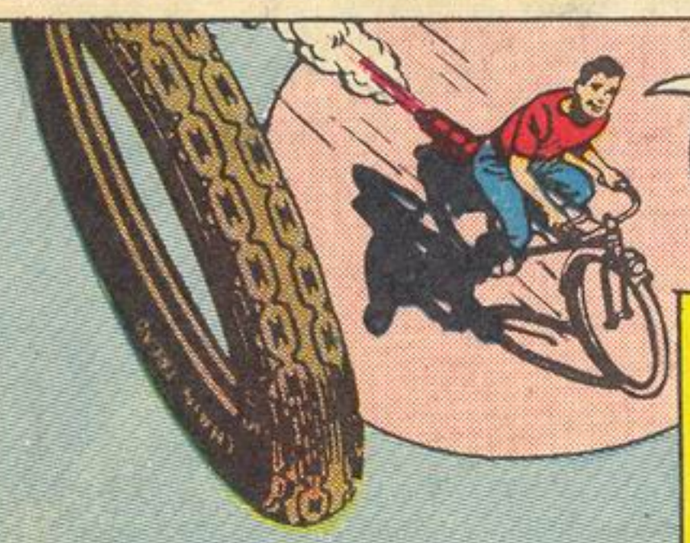
SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!

LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING **WHAT** THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND **LUCKY** WE WERE RIDIN' ON **U.S. ROYALS!**

WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



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